

PROBABILITIES.
Westerly winds, fair,
and much colder.

McGill Daily



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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1916.

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THEISM AND HUMANISM

Interesting Discussion Follows
Discourse—Norman Mur-
ray Speaks.

A most successful meeting of the Philosophical Society was held in Strathcona Hall last evening, when, before a large and appreciative audience, Dr. W. Caldwell delivered an able discourse on the subject of "A. J. Balfour's Recent Glasgow Lectures on Theism and Humanism."

Mr. C. N. Clark, the president of the Philosophical Society, occupied the chair, and, after welcoming the guests present on behalf of the Society, called on the speaker of the evening to commence his address.

In introducing the subject, Dr. Caldwell explained that if there was one thing that more than any other had now definitely taken hold of the popular conviction in regard to the war, it was the truth that the war was ultimately one about the philosophy of life of the belligerents.

The speaker then dwelt upon the importance of Mr. Balfour's recent book on "Theism and Humanism," which reproduces the substance of the celebrated Gifford Lectures, delivered by Mr. Balfour at the University of Glasgow.

"There is no reason," said Dr. Caldwell, "for ignoring the fact that up to the moment of these lectures, Mr. Balfour stood before the thinking public of to-day as a prominent Conservative leader in the world of affairs, whose final philosophy of affirmation was based on a somewhat sceptical or dialectical theory of the first principles of thought and conduct."

"What I shall here attempt," continued the speaker, "is an examination of some of the phases of the philosophy that underlies this last book of his in the light partly of his previous work, and partly of some of the more important tendencies of our time. I shall find importance in its omissions and its manifest hostilities, as well as in its general line of arguments and its main conclusions."

Dr. Caldwell then dwelt upon Mr. Balfour's point of departure, which, he stated, was the commonsense beliefs of mankind, — the inevitable beliefs of men in regard to (1) the world of our ordinary daily life and the things and persons of our ordinary experience; (2) the world of duty and the great ends of action; (3) the world of beauty, including "history," "romantic love," etc., and the emotions it arouses.

The speaker then elaborated upon this commonsense philosophy of mankind and its various phases. Mr. Balfour then devoted, he stated, many pages of his argument to the consideration of the "intellectual values" of science, of mathematics, and of the general philosophy of nature; the beliefs in probability, in continuity, in the universality of causation, the conservation of energy, and so on.

"Mr. Balfour," continued Dr. Caldwell, "sees clearly, and is ably prepared to prove that all philosophy, rational as well as empirical, rests upon assumptions. That the latter, the experience philosophy of Mill and Spencer certainly does so, has, of course, been demonstrated again and again in England, both by Mr. Balfour himself in his previous books, and in the many expositions of the recently dominant Kantian or Hegelian school, by Green and the Cairds and their associates."

"The chief difficulty, to be sure, of the average reader with his lectures, will be that Mr. Balfour seems in them to be trying to pass in the old mid-Victorian way from sense and science to a Beyond, to a God and Heaven that have no definite hold upon the world that now is. From an apparently inevitable naturalism he would pass, as it were, to an hypothetical supernaturalism."

Discussing Mill, the speaker said: "Mr. Mill is indeed an outstanding figure in the middle of British nineteenth century thought, and a fine Englishman, a veritable saint of Rationalism and all that; but a most imperfect thinker from the point of all constructive philosophy. He is the most typical of all the transitional writers of the time, a man who, if he had suddenly gone into Heaven out of his permanent possibilities of sensation and his probable future of the working classes, would have at once set about examining the machinery of the place."

The paper was very well received by all present, and provoked some interesting discussion. Mr. Norman Murray expressed himself rather vehemently on the subject of philosophy in general, besides having a thing or two to say about Christianity.

Following the close of the discussion, Mr. A. Gardner, secretary of the

ANE FALLS UPON SCIENCE SOPHIS.

Several members of the second year in Applied Science, whose work has been found unsatisfactory by the Faculty, have been asked to withdraw from the University. This action is based on the ruling in the Calendar, that "any other student of the first or any other student year whose record is found to be unsatisfactory, may at any time be required to withdraw by the Faculty."

BILLINGTON ON WOUNDED LIST

Together With Companion-in-Arms, Lieut. G. G. Gibbins.

BOTH IN SAME HOSPITAL

Lieut. Billington, Famous Footballer, is Seriously Wounded in the Foot.



LIEUT. ERIC BILLINGTON.

A cable message received yesterday by Dr. J. Donald Porter, of the Department of Mining, stated that Lieut. Eric E. Billington, Sel. 13, and Lieut. Gwynn G. Gibbins, Sel. 19, both serving in the same company of the Royal Engineers, had been wounded, presumably at the same time, and were both in the same hospital, Lieut. Billington, who is very well known throughout Canada as a football player, is seriously wounded in the foot, while the cablegram did not mention the extent of Lieut. Gibbins' injuries.

The cable message was from Lieut. Billington's father, and read: "Eric seriously wounded in the foot, Gibbins wounded and in same hospital. Both doing well."

Only yesterday a letter was received at the University from Lieut. Gibbins, in which he stated that both he and Lieut. Billington were well, though kept busy through their duties. Graduates of the same department of the Faculty of Applied Science, they were by chance assigned to the same company of the Royal Engineers when they enlisted for service early last summer. Since then they have been constantly together, and it is presumed were struck by fragments of the same shell while with working parties of the Royal Engineers near the front line.

Lieut. Billington, who took his M.Sc. degree under Dr. Porter, was engaged in coal mining operations in Alberta last spring, when he offered his services in any capacity to Capt. Gregor Barclay, who was then raising the First Universities Company, reinforcements P.P.C.L.I. He was accepted and enlisted as a private. Almost immediately, however, he secured a commission in the Royal Engineers.

(Continued on Page 4.)

MANDOLIN PLAYERS.

All members of the club are requested to meet at the McGill Union at 8:15 p.m. to take part in the Science smoker programme. Bring mandolins and music. As this is one of the events of the year, try to make it a success by being present.

Philosophical Society, eloquently moved a vote of thanks to Prof. Caldwell on behalf of the executive and members of the Society. The motion was duly seconded, after which the meeting adjourned.

CANADIANS ARE FINE FIGHTERS

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This was the description which Mr. Frederick Palmer, the famous war correspondent, gave of the now more equalized conditions at the front in his magnificent lecture to a crowded audience last night in St. James Methodist Church. Mr. Palmer appeared under the auspices of the 73rd Battalion, C.E.F.

The pictures of Mr. Palmer used to advertise his lecture do not do him justice. He is a man of average height, slim in build, sharp in features, soft in speech, and with a most attractive method of articulation. He shakes hands warmly, and has a cheerfulness which makes friends quickly. There is an absence of all pretension in Mr. Palmer's temperament, and with such an open, frank and candid manner, it is easy to understand how such a man was selected to represent the cause of the British forces at the front for the Associated Press.

At Home in Canada.

In opening the lecture of the evening, Mr. Palmer said: "I do not feel so much of a stranger in Canada; in fact, I feel very much at home. I was born not very far away from Niagara Falls, and the proximity of my home to the Canadian border has caused me to breathe the same air, impregnated with the same exhilarating influences, as you breathe. Along the border your impulses are our impulses, and your ideals are our ideals. We belong to the same stock and have descended from the same parentage. Three or four generations have made some differences in our temperaments, but the basic stock is there, quickened by the peculiar influences that permeate this North American continent."

"You Canadians are in this fight, and it is a wonderful thing to think of Canadians going 3,000 miles across the ocean to fight battles in France and Flanders. There was some doubt at first as to the kind of showing that Canadians would make in the fight, but you were paid the compliment by the British of being permitted to face the enemy before the British forces were ready to put many of their own men in the field, and you made a record of which you might justly feel proud. British officers were afraid that Canadians would lack discipline, and did not enjoy the thought of a private smoking a cigarette with an officer or being familiar enough to ask an officer for a light. But you proved that under fire you knew how to take care of yourselves, and you knew how to fight for your Empire, and now you are respected and loved, and even the Germans respect you, even if it is the respect born of fear. They have had experiences with you that will make them remember you for a long time to come."

Represented America.

"I was privileged to be the only American selected by the War Office to represent the American press at the front. I had been with that first army of Belgium that tried its best to stem the tide of invasion through Belgium, and I witnessed the pathetic efforts of the brave men of that country to block the way of the Hun. But they were helpless. They were unprepared. They had not the means to stop the Germans. A grandfather's uniform drawn from some old chest, and a grandfather's rifle taken down from the wall was not enough to deal with Germany, with her splendid equipment and her well-trained men; until I knew for sure that Brussels was doomed. I could have waited to see it fall and see the army of Germany march in and take possession of it."

(Continued on Page 4.)

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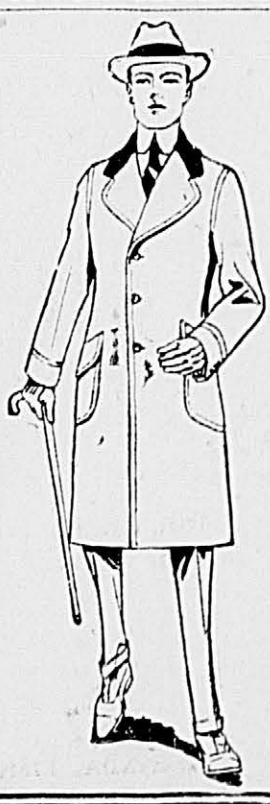
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The Science Resolution

The recent action of the Science Undergraduate Society, in presenting a coherent and clearly-stated resolution to the Science Faculty, petitioning a change in the attitude of that body towards the matter of allowing years and degrees to men who have enlisted, and intend enlisting, for overseas service, is one which throws much credit on the sense of responsibility possessed by that Society. The situation was one which invited, even demanded, a move or expression of opinion on the part of the Science students, and they have responded most creditably. The meeting itself, and the resolution, elicited various views from the more thoughtful of those present, and with one or two exceptions, the reception of the proposition showed clearly a general feeling of concord.

The logical arrangement of the paragraphs of the resolution is admirably clear and cogent, and no one of the clauses is more important to keep in mind than that relating to the intense gravity of the military situation, and the pressing need for men at all costs. Breadth of consideration is essential, and especially necessary in a University. Every possible allowance, consistent with even strained reason, should be made to men going overseas, and the suggestion that the Faculty modify their indiscriminating decision to consider the merits of each case separately is particularly pertinent.

That old catch-word so often abused, "Efficient," had, of course, to crop up in the discussion. The old fallacious method of overlooking change of circumstances, and judging by obsolete standards, is not yet thoroughly eradicated—in spite of the war. Great fear was expressed by some that Science students will deteriorate tremendously in their professional worth, which, mind you, will not come into use for some months, perhaps years, hence, if he is deprived of two months' finishing training. Men after the war will be classified as those who fought and those who did not; though, doubtless, the world does forget quickly, and common gratitude owes forgiveness for lack of metricalness and specific knowledge, which has been temporarily lost on the battle-field.

The situation has arisen chiefly over the men who have already joined units, amongst them the 148th Battalion, in the expectation that precedent would be followed in their case, and this makes an additional reason why efforts should be made to accommodate the students. The affiliation of the 148th with the McGill C.O.T.C. is a mutual honor, which will only be empty and unmeaning unless the connection of University and Battalion is made a real one.

Human Flies

There is no other term which so aptly describes a type of individual which is encountered in the University than that of human fly. We do not mean to say that the type flourishes here solely, but it attains a development rarely found elsewhere. A human fly, to put it mildly, is a person possessing the quintessence of "botheratiousness." He is so annoying that when he is around, you long with all the ardor of your soul for a human fly swatter.

To begin with, he is the man who, when you are straining every nerve to grasp the point of a lecture, interrupts by leaning confidentially in your direction and remarking on the status of the weather, the series, the girls, or anything that may be uppermost in his mind.

Or again, he is the man who insists on talking to you in the library when you are trying to read an assignment of philosophy, of economics, or anything you may have to read.

Sometimes he makes himself known by drumming on the table, or shuffling his feet on the floor, to destroy the quiet which is, apparently, so inimical to him.

Perhaps you will find him in the classroom, where he insists on asking pointless questions and going into long discussions, the chief object of which seems to be the display of his own erudition.

His prime delight, however, is in a meeting. There he will keep the majority waiting while he airs his own incoherence. He will raise questions, make amendments, and generally delay matters. His aim is forever to divert serious purpose and attract attention to himself.

It must not be concluded from these remarks that the human fly is male in sex only. The female of the species is at times far more annoying than the male. Nor do we wish to discourage friendly relations. What we do mean is that the first requisite for true friendship is consideration for others—a trait which is apparently completely omitted from the make-up of the human fly.

Things Theatrical

AT THE CONNAUGHT.

"The Puppet Crown" is the second of the Harold McGrath romances to be pictured by the Lasky Feature Play Company. Apart from this, the production is notable in that Ina Claire makes her second film appearance in this offering, and Carlyle Blackwell, who plays the leading male role, makes, in this piece, his debut under Lasky direction.

Most of the events of "The Puppet Crown" transpire in the little European Kingdom of Osia, where the invalid King is at the mercy of his Chancellor, who is plotting to de-throne him and set the Duchess Sylvia up as ruler in his stead. The daughter of the King has, while in con-fugato at an American school, fallen in love with a rich young American, and, when matters reach a desperate condition, the young fellow strives to uphold the tottering fate of the King, even though he knows that if the Princess rules she can never marry him.

In the end the Princess loses her throne, but she wins the man she loves, and therefore the tragedy of a revolution becomes ultimate happiness for both heroine and hero.

THE IMPERIAL.

It was again demonstrated on Monday that the Montreal music public has recognized in the "Pop" Concerts at the Imperial, under the direction of Mr. Leon Kofman, a real musical treat. The large audience was very appreciative, and every number on the programme was well rendered and received with much enthusiasm.

The vocal trio of young ladies sang both popular and classical songs, which were well received.

"The Cave Man," the feature picture for to-day and to-morrow, is a story of the evolution of a man, inspired in one of its leaders by the folly and superficiality of society, and details graphically how a man, picked haphazard from the submerged tenth, is made to grow and expand into a valuable member of worthwhile society by the careful nursing of a spark implanted in the brain of a coal-heaver. In producing "The Cave Man," Director Marston spared neither pains nor labor, used every known device and camera trick to enhance the value of its situations, and with Mr. Edson, Fay Wallace, Lillian Burns and George de Beck, in the enactment of the principal characters, turned out a screen story that for brilliancy, consummate artistry in the portrayal of the characters and photographic achievements, sets a standard of exceptional quality.

AT THE LONDON.

J. Warren Kerrigan is featured in a three-reel drama of an Indian's love for his own people, entitled "Son of the Stars." It is an unusually strong photoplay, with an exceptional cast and beautiful scenes, and will be shown along with "Viviana—American," in which a young social waster comes to his senses, featuring Vivian Rich, three days, commencing Wednesday, at the London.

J. Warren Kerrigan, in the first-mentioned picture, has never been seen in a more delightful play. Mr. Kerrigan plays a dual role in this stirring drama, and has never appeared to better advantage. In the other photoplay mentioned Viviana obtains a position in a photographer's studio. There she meets George Perry, a rich young idler. The drive home in Perry's automobile becomes a nightly event. On one occasion Viviana is persuaded to dine with him. Perry exults in his influence over the beautiful girl. Meanwhile Adele, Perry's sister, has become infatuated with Harry Fowler, a matinee idol. The actor's bachelor apartments are across the hall from Perry's. Drink and dissipation drag Fowler down. He loses his play. Adele consents to elope with him. Viviana that same evening has been entrusted with a belated package from the photographer's, addressed to Perry. Calling at his apartments she is inveigled into staying a while. George has occasion to go into Fowler's rooms, where he finds Adele's note. He meets his sister in the hall. The brother angrily protests that Fowler is married. The actor retorts by taunting Perry with the girl he is concealing. Adele leaves. George takes Viviana home. Perry joins an old college friend in work of social uplift. When at last he feels himself worthy to approach Viviana, he goes to her and declares his love.

Finishing up to-night, the screen favorite, Pearl White, in "The King's Game," in five parts, supported by an excellent cast, will be seen.

"JANE EYRE."

George Driscoll's players presented "Jane Eyre" before a fairly large audience at His Majesty's Theatre last night. The play was well received, although some of the actors did not take their parts in as able a manner as might be desired. Alinsworth Arnold, in the role of Lord Rochester, acted the part with ease, and showed himself well worth the applause which greeted his merits.

The difficult part of Jane Eyre, which was taken by Miss Templeton, was not absolutely up to the high standard she has set in previous plays. She seemed to be indifferent, and also showed herself rather unadapting to the role. At times her acting was good, but she seemed to lay too much emphasis on really unimportant words. Of the others, Miss Dow took the role of Miss Fairfax quite well. Mr. Robinson, as John the butler, interpreted his part in a manner which pleased those present.

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(Continued on Page 3.)

THE MYSTERY of the FIFTH BULLET

Crack! The explosion rang out sharply in the silence of the secluded suburban street. I turned to Sprague Hennessey, who was striding along beside me.

"What is that?" I asked.

"A shot," said he, with his usual directness and brevity.

A policeman darted past us, headed toward the right, and vanished down a narrow lane.

"Come along!" cried Hennessey, catching my arm. "A crime has just been committed in this block to the left."

"How do you know that?" gasped I, in amazement.

"From the policeman," he replied, as we hurried to the scene. "Be quick or we won't get there before the crowd."

He dragged me up a long, narrow stairway, pushing aside the curious sight-seers who preceded us, and led the way into a large, well-furnished room, about twenty feet in length and twenty-one in width. With his head resting about six feet from the northern wall and eighteen feet from the north-eastern one, lay extended a man. He was motionless; his eyes were closed and from his general appearance he seemed to be incapable of further expression—in short, he was dead. Near his left hand lay a revolver, almost touching a large pier-glass, which, at a height of about seven feet from the ground, bore a large and unmistakable crack.

"Ah!" said Hennessey. "Foul play, foul play! Keep the crowd back, please."

At this moment a heavy tread was heard, and the policeman entered, striking Sprague a severe blow on the head with his baton as he passed.

"Stand back, there!" he cried.

"You idiot!" said the great detective. "Do you realize that you have probably injured my patent collapsible vacuum-cleaner, which I always carry under my hat? If you have, you shall pay dearly for it. I am Sprague Hennessey, the detective."

"Oh, sir," cried the other, almost in tears. "I'm so sorry, sir. If I'd known it was you—"

"Enough!" said Sprague. "You can leave the case in my hands, officer. You may go now. Pray, take these people out with you."

"Yessir," said the policeman, and we heard his rubber heels clattering on the stairs below as he drove the reporters before him.

"Now, to our case," said Sprague. "Let us examine the weapon first."

He picked up the revolver and looked at it. I did the same. It was at half cock, but one of the five cartridges it contained had been discharged.

"Ah," said Sprague, as ascertaining this. "We evidently have to deal with a criminal of a high order. Most ingenious idea, to leave the weapon at

half-cock so as to divert suspicion. However, we shall prove myself more than his equal, I think. The bullet has obviously passed completely through the victim and has cracked that glass. Let us examine the wall behind."

"Sprague," said I, "you notice everything."

We moved the pier-glass away from the wall and noted a small puncture.

"How will you get the bullet out?" cried I, aghast.

"Ah!" chuckled Sprague, "just watch."

And, taking from his vest-pocket a small but powerful electro-magnet, he set it in operation.

Presently with a sharp click a small object emerged from the hole and attached itself to the magnet. Sprague turned off the current, and it fell to the ground.

"You might pick that up," he remarked, as he put the magnet back in his pocket. "Ah, as I thought; it is the bullet."

"But—er—Sprague," I gasped; "this bullet is not the same size as the cartridges in the revolver."

"Let me see," he cried. "Ha! this is a foreign bullet, an Austrian man-lucker, I think. Yes, here is 'Hug der Geyser,' printed on the back of it. This is obviously a device to put us off the trail. I think we can safely pass over it."

"Exactly," I murmured. "I was just going to think that."

"Now," continued Sprague, "we evidently have to deal with some one who has had military experience. Note that the crack in the mirror is at least a foot higher than the head of the victim could have been. Hence we see that the criminals must have been aware of the advantages of oblique over direct fire."

"Ah, Sprague," murmured I, "what a mind is yours."

"Now, with these clues," said Hennessey, "we only need to send for Hennessey to bring up my apparatus, and then, as soon as we have caught the criminal, the case is terminated. By the way, I might as well take traces of the dust in this room while we wait, with my little vacuum-cleaner." And he began to remove his hat.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" said the dead man, rising slowly to his feet. "And where is my revolver—my poor little revolver?" I started back amazed and horrified. The great detective was quite unmoved.

"Lie down," he said, sternly. "You are in no condition to stand up now. Besides," he continued, coldly, "you are destroying valuable clues every moment by moving about like that."

"Clues!" cried the other. "Clues to what?"

"To the murderer, of course," said Sprague, with a smile of contempt at

(Continued on page 4.)

STORIES OF STRATHCONA

One of the best stories in Beckles Wilson's "Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal" tells of the death by drowning of one of his boyhood chums at Fortres, Scotland. Nine-year-old Donald called on the bereaved family, and, with a gravity far beyond his years, consoled with them, and, on leaving, begged that they would accept a slight token in memory of his friend. He handed them over all of his pocket money, amounting to a shilling and some odd coppers. Thus was the child father to the man."

It is interesting to know that Lord Strathcona was related to the Cheery-brothers, those delightful old men in Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," who were always so considerate of each other, of their employees, and their mother. Lord Strathcona's paternal grandmother was the sister of Mrs. Grant, the mother of the brothers, whom Dickens happened to meet while on a visit to Manchester.

One morning in the early days of the present century an elderly individual, of no very prepossessing appearance, called at the office of the High Commissioner for Canada in London, and asked to see Lord Strathcona. He was told that His Lordship was far too busy to see any but those who had appointments with him.

"Well," was the confident reply, "he'll see me if you tell him my father drove him to Aberdeen when he sailed to Canada."

The message was delivered, and the man admitted. Five minutes later he appeared with a five-pound note in his hand. He repeated his visit three weeks later with a similar result. A month or so later back he came again. The secretary protested to Lord Strathcona that the man had had two five-pound notes already.

"Oh, well," said Lord Strathcona, in his quiet way, "I cannot see him. Give him another five-pound note, and tell him he need not come again. You may add that his father did not drive me to Aberdeen when I went to Canada. As a matter of fact I walked."

Black fox skins were the most valuable pelts in the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company, as they are to-day, and Lord Strathcona's story of his first purchase of a black fox skin is decidedly amusing, as well as showing the diplomatic talent he was afterwards to find exercise for in a far greater sphere. He was then quite young, and was stationed at Tadoussac Post, at the mouth of the Saguenay.

News one day came to his bourgeois, as the officer in charge of a post was called, that a trapper named Dugas had several fine skins, but that for some fancied grievance had announced his intention of not selling them to the company, but of taking them himself to Quebec. The man, a half-

breed, was camping about twenty miles away. Mr. Smith was sent to investigate and buy the furs if he could. He was insultingly received, but he was resolved not to lose his temper. Not a word was said about the furs. He assisted the old squaw, whom he addressed as "Madame" Dugas, to boil the pot, and cut firewood. He helped to skin a rabbit, gave the trapper tobacco, retailed news and anecdotes of mutual friends, sympathizing with Dugas in his grievance against the bourgeois, for whose hasty conduct he apologized. But what was even of more potent effect, was a little book of pictures and a couple of sticks of barley sugar which he had thoughtfully slipped into his pocket for the children. These naturally won the heart of the squaw and her children. Still not a word about furs. He rolled himself up in his blanket when night came, and went to rest. Up at dawn he first collected faggots, and then caught some fish for breakfast. The meal over he announced his intention of going farther on a visit to another trapper, and thanked them for the hospitality which he would long remember. "Perhaps," he added, "you will still be here on my way back. If so, we may meet again—who knows?" He then shouldered his pack and was shaking hands, when Dugas, who had been standing by in a fit of sulky astonishment, cried out, "You no want my furs?"

Whereupon Smith said: "What? Monsieur Dugas, you have furs to sell? Ah, that will make Mr. H. sorry, very sorry to think that he should have lost his temper. What a pity!" "Tenez," said Dugas, and he brought forth from his lodge a bundle of several very fine skins, one of which he threw over his arm, stroking it lovingly. "That is the best fox I ever trapped. This other is nearly as good. I said I would not sell them to the bourgeois, and I won't. You are a young man, and perhaps you do not know the value. In Quebec I would get thirty pounds; but I do not wish to leave my family and go to Quebec. You may have them, and if your bourgeois says they are not worth thirty pounds you may send them back to me. I will not take the money now. Volia!" and he pressed the bundle of skins upon the young trader.

The upshot was that he paid the sum of £23, all the money he had on him, and he and Dugas parted the best friends in the world. Dugas even accompanied him to the camp of the other trapper, and insisted on advancing the funds to pay for the latter's small catch out of what he had himself received, the money to be returned at Mr. Smith's convenience. The furs proved to be worth twice what he had paid.

SCISSORED SENTIMENT

AN OLD STORY.

(Daily Princetonian.)

Members of the University and townspeople alike wandered in to the debate the other night anywhere from half to three-quarters of an hour late, disturbing the remainder of the audience and disgruntling the speakers. If a lecture or debate of some sort, particularly a free one, is worth attending at all it is worth attending in entirety. At present it is always necessary for those in charge of a meeting to wait a considerable time after the appointed hour before beginning, in order to allow chronic late-comers to get settled. This wastes the time of those who have come promptly and annoys the visiting speakers.

THE VALUE OF MILITARY DRILL.

(Brown Daily Herald.)

In view of the great concern of the public in regard to the question of establishing military training in our schools and universities as an easy means of strengthening our national defensive powers, the opinion of President Schurman, of Cornell, is of great interest. He is an advocate of military drill in our colleges, but not for the sake of our national defence. In a current issue of Everybody's Magazine, he gives the following reason for such training in our schools and colleges: "If wars were banished from our planet I would retain military training side by side with athletics as an instrument of physical education in our universities, and not only for their physical advantages, great as they are, but for their mental, moral, social and civic effects and reactions."

PROMINENCE AND OBSCURITY.

(Columbia Spectator.)

College opinion condemns indifference by obscurity; the student who does not enter into extra-curricular activities remains unknown. Studies come first, and rightly so, but the student who does nothing else but get A's is as unknown and unsung as the freshman who obtains two F's and three D's at mid-terms and departs from college forthwith at considerable speed. That this should be so, is perhaps indefensible, but it is nevertheless true, and what is, is to be made the most of by the wise, or to be collided with head on by the fault-finding foolish.

When the undergraduate becomes a senior or junior, he knows by association most of the members of his class, but of the classes below he knows only a select few. On the other hand, the sophomore or freshman knows few of his own class and quite a number of upper classmen. The explanation is that the senior and junior know only those sophomores and freshmen who stand out from the mass, who stand out and are prominent, because they are active in extra-curricular activities. The same in like manner is true of the more recently admitted students—they come to know quickly the upper classmen engaged in the various activities on the campus that typify college life. Unless the student desires to remain a nonentity to others, if not to himself, he MUST enter into some line or lines of college endeavor wholly outside his regular scholastic work.

Few of us spend every waking hour at our books. It is a question of sacrifice of time taken, not from studies but from personal pleasure. The hours spent at the movies or with a magazine may be pleasant, but the yield of those hours is not to be compared with the close associations, the lasting friendships, and the real satisfaction that grow out of enthusiastic, common interests.

AMUSEMENTS

TO-NIGHT
At 8.15 p.m.
Mats. Wed.,
Thur. & Sat.

Revival of that Famous Love Story

"JANE EYRE"

IF YOU HAVE NOT READ THE BOOK, DON'T MISS THIS GREAT PLAY.
IF YOU HAVE READ THE BOOK, BE SURE AND SEE THE PLAY.
EVENINGS—25c, 50c and 75c.

PRINCESS

TONIGHT at 8.15. Prices 50c to \$1.50
WILLIAM MORRIS Presents
"THE NIGHT BEFORE"
A Domestic Comedy With Songs,
In Three Acts.

HARRY LAUDER

With a Notable Cast of
SCOTCH PLAY ACTORS
Diana Forget The Be Present At the
Hearts of the House.
Pop. Mat. Wednesday and Saturday
Prices 25c to \$1. All Seats Reserved.
NEXT WEEK, SEATS THURSDAY.
The Big Musical Cartoon Review
MUTT AND JEFF COLLEGE
Positively All New This Time.

ORPHEUM

MATINEE EVERY DAY—15-25 Cents.
Charles Kellogg; Homer Miles & Co.;
Felix Adler; Ben Deely & Co.; Emmett
& Tongue; Ralph Smalley; The Norvelles;
Napole & Ferrar. Sunday—Feature
Concerts at 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.

GAYETY Burlesque

Afternoon 15c to 25c
Prices Evening. 15c to 75c

Bert Baker

AND THE NEW
BON TONS with BABE LA TOUR

THEY'RE
WORTH
SHOUTING
ABOUT!

Goodwin's
\$3.95 Boots for
Men.

They'll give as good service and are just as comfortable and as smart as any five dollar shoe you ever wore.

Sizes and styles for every taste and every foot. \$3.95 Pair.

Goodwin's
Limited.



SEPARATE SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this office until 4.00 P.M. on Tuesday, February 15, 1916, for the supply of "Brooms and Brushes," "Chain," "Coal," "Hardware," "Hose," "Oils and Greases," "Packings," "Paint and Paint Oils," "Manilla Rope," "Wire Rope," and "Steam Pipe, Valves and Fittings," for the requirements of the Departmental Dredging Plant in Ontario and Quebec during the fiscal year 1916-17.

Each tender must be sent in a separate envelope and endorsed: "Tender for Hardware, Ontario and Quebec." "Tender for Chain, Ontario and Quebec," etc., etc., as the case may be.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. These forms can be obtained at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for amount stated in form of tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the contract. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, January 21, 1916.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.—30556.

Scientific participation in some one or two—not haphazard dabbling in a dozen—extra-curricular activities.

SCIENCE '16 MEETING.

There will be a meeting of the class of Science '16 this afternoon at 4.45, in room 37 of the Engineering Building, for the purpose of electing a president and secretary to replace Bert Reid and Guy Lindsay, who have left college, and also to elect a valedictorian.

CULYER LOSES MOUSTACHE.

Students who entered the Union yesterday had great difficulty in recognizing Colonel Culyer, the genial hall porter. Culyer's moustache used to look like Kaiser Bill's until a paritoxic barber made an end to the resemblance. Now he may be mistaken for Charlie Chaplin.

MR MOTTRAM AT CHEM. SOCIETY

Interesting Paper on Dissociation of Oxy-Haemoglobin.

NATURE OF SUBSTANCE

Its Effect on Blood and Tissues Is Discussed at Length by Lecturer.

The regular meeting of the McGill Chemical Society was held yesterday afternoon at five o'clock. Mr. V. H. Mottram, of the Department of Physiology, read a very interesting paper on "The Dissociation of Oxy-Haemoglobin."

The speaker first of all gave an explanation of the part played by haemoglobin as a carrier of oxygen. In the lungs the haemoglobin absorbs O₂ and oxy-haemoglobin is formed, which is a bright red pigment. The haemoglobin gives up its oxygen in the tissues, and becomes purple or blue in color. Consequently, the blood in the arteries is bright red, while the blood in the veins is much darker in tint. It has not yet been definitely determined whether oxy-haemoglobin is a chemical compound or not.

The facts that the absorption spectrum of haemoglobin is different from that of oxy-haemoglobin, and also that a thermal change takes place on oxidation, seem to point to chemical combination.

The dissociation curve of oxy-haemoglobin was then exhibited. The amount of oxy-haemoglobin formed was plotted against the pressure of the oxygen. The percentage of oxy-haemoglobin formed increased with the pressure of the oxygen till at about 80 mm. practically all the haemoglobin was oxidized. The haemoglobin takes up oxygen in the lungs at about 80 mm., where it is almost completely saturated, and gives it out again in the tissues, where the pressure of the oxygen is only about 20 mm. The curve for pure haemoglobin would indicate that the oxy-haemoglobin gives up only about half its oxygen in the tissues, and it is known that in the case of the human body much more oxygen than this is given up. This is explained on examining the dissociation curve for blood, in which the curve is much displaced to the right, which means that the oxy-haemoglobin parts with much more of its oxygen at low pressure than in the case of the pure oxy-haemoglobin. This alteration is found to be due to three causes: 1. Presence of salts in the blood. 2. Presence of carbon dioxide. 3. Much higher temperature of the blood as compared to normal room temperature. Warm-blooded animals have, therefore, a distinct advantage over cold-blooded animals. It is found that Europeans have a steeper dissociation curve than Americans. Persons with a steep curve are called "pleonetic," while persons with a less steep curve are called "melonetic." Melonetic persons consequently have an advantage of pleonetic persons in work at high altitudes.

At the close of the address an interesting discussion ensued. Dr. Johnson showed that, according to the phase rule, the dissociation curve of oxy-haemoglobin indicated that no definite chemical compound was formed between oxygen and haemoglobin. The meeting then adjourned, after tendering a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker.

THE WESTERN BATTALION.

Representatives of Universities Are in Ottawa Seeing Sir Sam Hughes.

Nothing definite concerning the proposed Western Universities Battalion will be known until the representatives of the various institutions concerned have met in conference at Ottawa with Major-General Sir Sam Hughes. These representatives are: President Tory, of the University of Alberta; President Murray, of the University of Saskatchewan; President McLean, of the University of Manitoba; Principal Whidden, of Brandon College; Captain Halpinny, of Winnipeg; and President Westbrook, B. C. University.

This means that the University of British Columbia pledges itself to raise a company of 250 men, recruited from students, alumni and friends of the University of British Columbia. The company must be reinforced monthly at the rate of 250 men a year.

There are at present about 200 men taking the military training, which is a part of the course at the university this year. A large number of these students, and especially those taking the officers' training corps, intend enlisting, and they will form the nucleus of the company.

SPECIAL EXAMINATIONS.

Results of Tests in Arts Are Announced By Dean's Office.

The following are the results of the special supplemental examinations in Arts held last Saturday:

Greek (second year)—Passed, J. D. Beattie.

Latin (first year, 1914-15)—Passed: Younger, Cream, Rogers.

Latin (first year, 1913-14)—Passed: None.

Physics (first year)—Passed: Rogers, Taylor.

French (first year)—Passed: Green.

Trigonometry (first year)—Passed: Smart, Duval, Eliasoph.

Geometry (first year)—Passed: Greer, Goldwater.

Algebra (first year)—Passed: Goldwater, Gibb.

Political Economy (second year)—Passed: Morgan.

German (fourth year)—Passed: Snyder.

60 RECRUITS FOR 148TH YESTERDAY

Majority of Men Have Brothers or Other Relations in the War.

Yesterday was a record recruiting day for the 148th. During the day over 60 men offered themselves, and out of these, only 14 failed the medical officer, which is an unusually low percentage of failures, and is a proof positive of the good type of men who are offering themselves. Of the number passed by the medical officer, 29 were sworn in and are now in the ranks. The balance have had all the necessary papers filled out and will be taken on the strength as soon as they can complete their necessary business arrangements.

Among the men taken on are: C. W. Nuttal, an Englishman, who has lived three years in the States and came to Montreal to enlist.

A. Hogue, whose father-in-law fought in 1870, and whose nephew is at the front with the 22nd.

L. Perrault, whose elder brother is with the 1st Field Ambulance.

Harry Weeks, whose elder brother is with the 8th.

John Redfern, a Scotsman, who has lived three years in Montreal.

David Irvine, a member of the 5th Royal Highlanders.

Ellis Yates, who has one brother with a British regiment at the front.

P. M. Heard, who has two brothers on the fighting line.

H. M. Bersiegel, a Dutchman, who has lived 15 years in Montreal, and who served before that with the Dutch army.

C. G. Knowles, a member of the 7th Hussars and whose brother is at the front.

J. D. Armstrong, a member of the Auxiliary Battalion and C.O.T.C., as a Bugler and whose uncle is at the front with the Artillery.

Harry Shand, a member of the 5th Royal Highlanders.

H. Cotton, an Englishman, has been 4 months in Montreal, 3 of which he has passed with the C.O.T.C. James Liddell, Matt. Liddell and T. F. Donald, three friends who have all joined together, will be allotted to the same squad and if all become efficient will later on be drafted into the same Company.

Thos. F. Shepherd, who has two brothers at the front.

J. Bailey, who has one brother with the 13th and 3 uncles with British regiments.

S. B. Wilson, of Montreal.

Joseph Hutch, Montreal.

J. Newbrook, who has a cousin with the 9th Field Ambulance.

J. J. Seagram, whose uncle is with the 42nd.

Things Theatrical

(Continued from Page 2.)

The story is one of love, in which Jane Eyre, a poor girl, is treated at first cruelly by her aunt, in whose house she lives. This aunt decides to send her to a charity school, where she spends eight years. This forms the prologue of the play. The remaining three acts show Jane Eyre as the governess of Adele, a little orphan girl, whom Lord Rochester has adopted. Finally, Lord Rochester invites some guests, and among these are Jane's aunt and her daughter. They are surprised to see Jane in such a high position, and treat her with scorn, pretending not to recognize her.

In the last act Lord Rochester professes his love for the governess, whom he has always treated with kindness and respect.

On the whole, the show did not appear to be as well played as some of the others given by the company this season. The actors were none too well acquainted with their lines, and as a result made some bad mistakes at times.

CHEMICAL COLLOQUIUM.

The regular Colloquium in Chemistry will be held this afternoon, at five o'clock. Mr. C. H. Fort will read a paper on "Formamide." All those who are interested are cordially invited to be present.

Printed for the publisher—The Students' Council of McGill University—by The Financial Times Press, 333-335 Craig Street, Montreal.

McGILL MEN AND THE ARMY

News from Grads. and Undergrads Now Serving.

GRATEFUL FOR PRESENTS.

"Buster" Reid Is Returning Wounded—H. H. Howard, Law '15, Married.

Lieut. Gerard S. Staveley Gordon, Sci. '17, serving in France with the 17th Northumberland Fusiliers, writes as follows to the Science Undergraduate Society in acknowledgment of their Christmas present:

"I have just received your most useful Christmas parcel—it is extremely kind of the Science Undergraduate Society to have remembered me, and I am indeed grateful.

"We have been out here some months, and have been pretty fortunate in every way. Few casualties, good billets, and very interesting work.

"There is very little going on just now, but we hope for a change soon.

"I hear that the 5th Universities Company has been formed. I hope they will have every success over here. I believe the other Companies from McGill are some alive in our neighborhood. So I may come across them, perhaps.

"You may be interested to hear of three other McGill Science men—Douglas, Locock and Mucklow, all fourth year men, who are officers in this battalion. We are always interested in news from Canada."

Lieut. H. A. Murray, Sci. '15, 21st Battalion, C.E.F., writes:

"I wish to thank, through you, the Science men of Old McGill for their kindness in sending me the very pleasing box which reached me today."

Lieut. L. F. Regnard, Sci. '15, who has since been wounded, writes:

"Receive my hearty thanks for the most excellent parcel and good wishes.

"I am very grateful to you all for the treat you have given me.

"My address is 12th Field Company, Royal Engineers, B.E.F. I will be very pleased to answer letters from any one of you.

"I was very proud when I heard from Dean Adams, who told me of the good work you were doing.

"I have met out here a number of McGill graduates and undergraduates. We all hope to have a great meeting one day when this war is over."

SWIMMERS HAD FIRST LESSON

Beginners' Class Inaugurated Under Mr. Chas. E. Veugelly Last Monday.

The marriage of Miss Annie Olive Simpson, of Sydney Mines, Cape Breton, N.S., and Wilbur H. Howard, Law '15, of Montreal, 31st Overseas Battery, C.F.A., 8th Brigade, C.E.F., was quietly solemnized on January 25th, at St. James Cathedral, Toronto, by the Rev. Canon Plumtree. The bride was given away by Major F. A. Peacock, O.C. 31st Overseas Battery.

Lieut. R. Clement Holden, Law '16, has been promoted to the rank of Captain in the Army Service Corps, and been attached to Headquarters, Third Divisional Train, Army Service Corps, now being mobilized at Regina, Sask. Lieut. Holden has been stationed for some time past at Winnipeg.

Lieut. G. E. ("Buster") Reid, Arts '15, who has been serving with the 3rd Battalion, C.E.F., in France, and has been twice wounded, has sailed from England, on his return to Canada on leave, according to cable advices. Lieut. Reid left Montreal with the 23rd Westmount Rifles, was transferred to the 3rd Battalion with a draft of reinforcements, and has served since on the western front.

G. E. Cole, Arts '02, Sci. '06, has been appointed to No. 2 Tunnelling Company, Canadian Engineers, at Calgary, Alta. Lieut. Cole has previously been an officer of the 97th Algonquin Rifles, Canadian Militia.

Dr. D. C. Malcolm, Med. '09, for several years resident physician and superintendent of the General Public Hospital at St. John, N.B., is at Halifax taking a course to qualify him for service in the Canadian Army Medical Corps. During his absence Dr. A. E. Macaulay, Med. '10, is carrying on his work at the General Hospital.

Dr. F. C. Clarke, Med. '08, has returned to Canada in charge of a party of wounded soldiers.

Dr. H. E. MacDermot, Med. '13, serving with the Reserve Park, First Division, C.E.F., has been transferred to No. 1 Canadian General Hospital.

PLAY AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Charitable Dramatic Club Gives Performance in Aid of University Settlement.

On the evening of February 18, at His Majesty's, the Charity Dramatic Club will present Sutro's well-known comedy, "The Fascinating Mr. Vandereit." This company of excellent amateurs are giving the performance in aid of the University Settlement, and the arrangements are in the hands of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of the University Settlement. Tickets may be obtained from the convenor, Mrs. W. R. Miller, 398 Stanley street; Mrs. Keay, 245 Jeanne Mance street; Mrs. H. Dobie, 44 Arlington avenue west, and Mrs. G. Evans, 217 Milton street.

Their Royal Highnesses have given their patronage to the play.

PRAISE FOR THE Y.M.C.A.

Capt. A. P. Shatford Pays Tribute to Work of Active Service Branch.

Captain A. P. Shatford, rector of the Church of the Apostles, who is serving in France as chaplain, in the course of a letter home, speaks as follows of the active service branch of the McGill Young Men's Christian Association, which is in operation at No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill):

"Let me say, also, a word for the McGill branch. I was with No. 3 General Hospital for three months, and shall never forget the loyal way that those earnest young lads furthered the work of the Master. Mr. Richards and his little committee stood behind me and made my work a delight. We had a splendid reading and recreation room, and kept the patients supplied with all necessary things for their comfort. When there was no chaplain these lads had a service for the men, and so kept the spiritual before the unit."

6TH UNIVERSITIES CO. AUTHORIZED

R. H. H. Biddulph, Sci. '12, is the Latest Recruit for the Fifth.

The 6th Universities Overseas Company has been authorized to recruit all over the Dominion, but no date has yet been fixed for the commencement of the campaign.

The 5th Company is now close to strength, the number at present being 256 of all ranks, which is sufficient strength to go overseas.

The latest recruits include R. H. H. Biddulph, Sci. '12, who has been working in the ammunition factories at Parry Sound. Another recruit is W. C. Scott of Collingwood who gave up a course at Columbia University to enlist Monday. On Sunday among the recruits was a minister who gave up his ministry to enlist.

The funeral of Gilbert Ellison Thomas took place Monday afternoon, when the 5th turned out in force and accompanied his remains to the cemetery. Young Thomas who comes from Lucknow, Ont., died Friday of pneumonia after a very short illness.

The instructors' classes in Bayonet fighting, Musketry and Physical training having been completed, a good part of the time of the company every afternoon is now spent in these drills and the company will soon be in fine shape to reinforce the P.P.C.L.I. at the front.

SWIMMERS HAD FIRST LESSON

Beginners' Class Inaugurated Under Mr. Chas. E. Veugelly Last Monday.

The first of the swimming classes inaugurated by the Department of Physical Education, was held in the Central Y. M. C. A., Drummond street, yesterday afternoon, and was a decided success. The class was in charge of Mr. Charles E. Pengelly, and a start was made with about eighteen students on the elementary principles. By the showing made yesterday it is quite safe to predict that in a very few lessons the men will have attained sufficient confidence and ability to enable them to swim alone.

This class affords an opportunity for students of all faculties and of any year to master the art of swimming, which, apart from the beneficial effects, is a particularly valuable asset in later life.

There is no good reason why this class should not prove to be one of the most popular of the college activities, and any student who, when the session closes, cannot swim, will have only himself to blame.

The class is open to all, with no expense, and provides the very best of instruction, and any student who does not take advantage of this opportunity to learn to swim is missing one of the best opportunities of his college career.

The next class will be on Saturday at 5.45 a.m.

EPISCOPAL COLLEGES.

Speakers at Synod Emphasize Need for Such Institutions.

The establishment of colleges throughout the country under the direction of the Protestant Episcopal Church and of a great Protestant Episcopal university at Washington, D.C., was proposed at a meeting of the Synod of the Second Province of New York and New Jersey in the cathedral, New York, by the Rev. Dr. William C. Rogers, president of St. Stephen's College.

"There is a tremendous need of having the officers of the army of the church prepared for their work just as the future officers of our army and navy are prepared at West Point and Annapolis," said Dr. Rogers. "Education cannot be real without the religious side, and each college should develop this part of its work."

St. Stephen's Church, which is located at Annandale, Dutchess County, N.Y., is the only church college of its denomination in the United States. More than 16 per cent. of the Protestant Episcopal communicants, or 168,000 persons, are under the care of St. Stephen's graduates, Dr. Rogers said.

HOLD SMOKER THIS EVENING

Prominent Members of the Faculty Will Assist.

GOOD MUSICAL PROGRAM

All Science Undergrads. Are Urged to Make a Point of Being Present.

The Science Undergraduate Smoker is to be held this evening. This is the big event of the year as far as Science men are concerned, and it is hoped that a large number will be present.

It was decided this year, on account of the unusual circumstances, that a Science banquet would not take place. It was thought that a Smoker would best fill this lack of entertainment.

The committee have arranged an excellent programme, composed of some of the best speakers that can be secured. The musical treat is exceptional, and is sure to please all who attend.

The principal speakers will be Dean Adams and Dr. Barnes, and their addresses will be especially interesting to all Science students.

Prof. Evans, Brown and Sullivan will also be present, and will undoubtedly interest all students, both with their speeches and humor.

Lieut.-Col. Magee, of the 148th Battalion, needs no introduction to McGill students, because of his work with the C.G.T.C. and Auxiliary Battalion. He will speak, and will doubtless present to all the claims of the 148th.

The musical part of the programme is good. The services of Jimmy Rice and Keith Milne have been secured, and will perform several times during the evening. Both are exceptional artists, and their songs will be a pleasure to all. George Dick and Mr. Campbell, who sang at the Freshman-Sophomore Smoker, will also sing.

The Mandolin Club and the Freshman Orchestra, both of which are composed of excellent players, will be there, and are expected to furnish the music of the evening.

The following is the programme of the evening:

- 1.—Dr. Adams.
- 2.—Mandolin Club.
- 3.—Lieut.-Col. Magee.
- 4.—Messrs. Rice and Milne.
- 5.—Dr. Barnes.
- 6.—Mr. Dick.
- 7.—Dr. Sullivan.
- 8.—Mandolin Club.
- 9.—Dr. Evans.
- 10.—First Year Orchestra.
- 11.—Mr. Campbell.
- 12.—Messrs. Rice and Milne.
- 13.—Refreshments.
- 14.—Mandolin Club.
- 15.—God Save the King.

WRESTLING PRACTICE.

There will be an important practice of the Wrestling Club in the Union at five o'clock this evening. All members are urgently requested to be on hand.

MAKES NEW SOFT DRINK.

Spokane, which is in Washington, which in turn is one of the new prohibition States, now delights itself with a beverage called "carbonated fizz." C. F. looks and tastes like beer, but is free from alcohol. Also, the barrels require no Government proprietary stamp.



The Gillette for Shaving Comfort

OLD MOTHER NATURE may have wished on you the worst beard she could pick out—but that needn't bother you, for all beards look alike to the Gillette Safety Razor.

Every Gillette Blade is a *masterpiece* in razor steel, with edges so keen and smooth that it gives a real velvet shave, no matter how tough and wiry your beard may be.

And just for good measure, with a twist of the screw handle you can adjust the blade for a light or close shave, or a tough or tender skin. This is a special Gillette advantage.

Get a Gillette to-day at your Druggist's, Jeweler's or Hardware Dealer's. Standard Sets cost \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets \$6.50 up.

Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Canada Limited
MONTREAL, - - CANADA 23

Correspondence

The Daily is not responsible for the sentiments of letters published in the correspondence column. Signed communications from graduates, undergraduates and members of the faculty will be placed in print if they are not of too great length.

Correspondents are requested to observe the unwritten law of the newspaper office—that they write upon ONE side of the paper ONLY.

No communications will be admitted to this column without the name of the writer being attached FOR PUBLICATION.

Dr. Caldwell and the Philosophical Society.

To the Editor of The Daily:

Dear Sir,—That the Philosophical Society of McGill University is not a nonentity insofar as activity is concerned is, I think, well evidenced by the fact that echoes of the society's recently "lively" meeting are still in the air.

It has, however, come to my knowledge that misunderstandings seem to prevail in and around college as to the exact nature of the discussion that took place on the evening in question. Mr. C. N. Clark, it will be remembered, read a paper on "Mental Tests," which was followed by a vigorous discussion, engaged in by all present. Dr. Caldwell, in particular, expressed himself rather warmly on the subject.

In the interests of all concerned, I feel it my duty, as secretary of the Philosophical Society, to explain that Dr. Caldwell's remarks were actuated by the purest motives of interest both in the speaker and his subject. As honorary president of the Philosophical Society, Dr. Caldwell is perfectly entitled to administer frank criticism and sound advice regarding any subject that is brought before the society. In the case of Mr. Clark, it was, as Dr. Hickson gracefully expressed it that evening, merely a case of "whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."

There is also no ground for the belief that Dr. Caldwell expressed himself in terms derogatory to the alleged "progress" of the science of experimental psychology.

Trusting that any false impressions that may have been created subsequent to the meeting in question will now be dispelled.

I remain,
Yours respectfully,
ADOLPH GARDNER,
Secretary of Philosophical Society of McGill University.

NEW DEBATER ELECTED.

A meeting of R.V.C. '18 was held Monday, to elect a debater in place of Miss Duff, who had resigned. Miss Sallie Solomon was chosen unanimously to be the representative of her year at the Senior-Sophomore debate, which will be held in about three weeks.

Here's Why...

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DOCTOR SOUNDS GRAVE WARNING

Fate of Nations Hanging in the Balance, He Says.

SUPREME COURAGE SHOWN

For Great Spring Drive Allies Need Last Ounce of Men, Money and Energy.

A graduate serving in France with the Royal Army Medical Corps, writes as follows:

It was just four months ago that the hospital unit to which I am attached left Havre for our station, back of the line "somewhere in Northern France." Our orders to move came one morning in August, and two hours later we were on the hot, dusty eight-mile march to the docks where our twenty tons of hospital equipment were stowed. This we had to transfer through traffic crowded streets, in the heat of the afternoon, to the entraining shed about three miles away, had to hurry about it, too, and fight for train space in the confusion that always abounds when thousands of troops are on the move. But all was snug at last, the last bale of dressings aboard, and our men packed away, 40 to each dinky little French "goods truck," and at about 10 o'clock we pulled out of the crowded station and crawled slowly away into the night, to take our place in the endless procession of trains that carry troops and munitions up to the "big show."

Looking back now over four busy months to that day of leaving Havre for the front, two or three incidents stand out clearly in my memory. As we were standing at ease by the roadside after the hot, dusty march to the docks, a regiment of killed Highlanders, just off a transport, all splashed and drenched by their pipes, swung past to the skirl of the pipes. We were hungry and tired, and the sight of marching troops was nothing new to us, yet there was something inspiring about those fine confident Scots with their swinging pipes that braced us like a tonic to the work that was still before us. And later on, the unexpected and hence doubly welcome lunch we had in the muck of the crowded station, where hundreds of hungry soldiers and hungrier officers hustled for a bite or two and a bowl of tea before the long night journey. All honor to those fine English girls from pleasant homes with green lawns and gardens and hedges, who slave away in the ugly, smoky French railway stations, month after month, day after night, in eight-hour shifts, to make the way a bit easier for the boys in khaki; the memory of them and their good cheer will be warm in the hearts of many thousands of men long after the events far more stirring and dramatic have been forgotten. In the little back lunch room reserved for officers I added my name to the list in the guest book, that held many signatures of brave fellows who will never return to England any more.

Historic Scenes.

The journey up country took two nights, the intervening day being spent in the fine old French city of Rouen, where I found time to visit the two cathedrals, the old market place where Joan of Arc was burned, and the river, with its interesting bridges and varied shipping, and here I saw for the first time a regiment of steel-helmeted French soldiers. The men looked fit and smart and well clothed. I was told that they were veterans who had lately come in for a rest and refitting, and were now on their way back to the front.

Following our arrival at the post assigned us came three feverish weeks of work by the whole unit, and at the end we had changed an old abandoned bicycle factory that was bearded with the cobwebs and grime of fifteen years, into a nice, clean, white-washed hospital, with two good operating rooms, dispensary, and all the facilities needed for the care of about 700 patients, and three weeks to the day, after our arrival, we received our first convoy of wounded.

Organization Good.

The organization for the care of the wounded, Tommy of the British army is beyond all praise—better, it is said, than that of any other nation. And Tommy knows this, and fights all the more confidently in the knowledge that if he is bowled over, the way will be made wonderfully easy for him. And this, too, when casualties mount away up into the thousands, so wonderful are the resources of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

In a short letter like this I cannot begin to tell you of the wide scope of the R.A.M.C. work. To keep the soldier fit is the kernel of the nut, easy and simple enough in principle, yet out of it grow tremendous problems, and the actual care of the wounded is a minor thing when compared with the ceaseless care and watchfulness over the sanitation of vast crowded camps and billets and trenches; the spotting of contagious diseases among the native villagers; the work of the travelling laboratories; the establishment of great baths and laundries and rest stations; the sanitation of the many reserve and training centres that stretch away farther than you can see; the management of the great chain of field ambulances, clearing stations, hospital barges and trains and ships, and finally the big hospitals and convalescent camps in Eng-

land, France, Egypt and Malta, and many other places.

I shall only try to tell you now what happens to the wounded man from the time he is hit until he reaches one of the big English hospitals.

In a "dug-out," back of the fire trench, is the regimental medical officer, and to him is taken the wounded Tommy by a couple of his mates. The R.M.O. dresses the wound and at the first opportunity stretcher-bearers carry the patient down the communicating trenches to the field ambulance advanced dressing station. This is usually about a mile back of the firing line, in a farm house cellar or dug-out as is most convenient, and here the wounded gradually accumulate during the day and are cared for by a competent surgeon and assistants, who re-dress the wounds and make the patients comfortable until after night fall, when the ambulances are brought up, and take them back to the field ambulance main station. Again the patients are looked over by the ambulance surgeons, emergency operations are done, the hopelessly wounded are kept and all others made ready for the trip by motor ambulance convey to the nearest casualty clearing station, which is usually about eight or ten miles back of the firing line, and as near as possible to a rail head. The time taken from the fire trench to C. C. S. is from 12 to 24 hours.

Varied Operations.

Though called a station, the C. C. S. is really a hospital, where the more seriously wounded find comfortable beds in warm wards, are cared for by sister nurses, and receive whatever surgical treatment may be needed. An average day's surgical work will include the setting of fractured bones, amputations, trephinations, from one to three or four appendix operations, the removal of bullets and shell splinters, repair of lacerations, eye enucleations, treatment of burns and many dressings of minor injuries. And upstairs, in the medical wards, are cases of pneumonia, nephritis, rheumatism, fevers, gas poisoning, trench foot, gripple, and the poor chaps who have become nervous wrecks through the shock of high explosives or the strain of their dangerous work.

In quiet times, our average take-in is from 30 to 60 patients, but this of course runs up into the hundreds after fighting of any severity. And when this happens we lose all run of time and meals and sleep, and the hours become a confused nightmare of hurrying sisters, rapid operations and dressings that seem unending.

Off to England.

And then, on every second or third or fourth day, as needed, along comes one of the superbly equipped ambulance trains, and our wards are cleared of all except the cases that it would be dangerous to move. For instance, we don't send out pneumonias until after the crisis, and bad head injuries, cases of surgical shock, and shot through chest or abdomen, are usually kept until death occurs or they are out of danger. The train carries them to the big base hospitals on the coast, when they are conveyed to England in the hospital ships, and jolly glad most of them are, you may be sure, to get back once more to their old home island.

Of the patients we get, one can only speak in terms of very great and sincere admiration. Hardly ever is there any complaint; their patience is remarkable by all who visit our station, and to the staff that cares for them it is a constant source of inspiration.

Superb Courage.

Here is just one instance. A boy of the West Kents was brought in last night and fell to my care. One could see right away he was badly hurt. I said, "Is there anything you would like, sir?" "I could do with a hot drink, sir," he said, with a smile that was half apology for the trouble it would be. And I found a torn side, an elbow joint destroyed, and a great herniated muscle wound of the thigh, which means that a bullet had entered from the front, fractured the bone, and spreading, had forced the heavy thigh muscles out through a gaping rent in the skin behind. Yet no word of complaint or pain, but just the simple request, low spoken, with a smile of apology for the trouble it would give, "I could do with a hot drink, sir." He died about three hours later, and the sister and I are going to write to his mother, as we have never met a braver boy.

We don't get many Canadians at our station, for the division we receive from is made up of English, Scotch and Irish regiments. My first meeting with one of our own boys was amusing. It happened in the dressing room when a chap came to have his arm dressed. I said: "What is your name?" "O'Brien, sir." "O'Brien! And what are you doing with kilt on?" "I belong to the Argyles, sir." "But you weren't born in Scotland, O'Brien." "No, sir, I was born in Ontario, sir." So there you are. I used the incident later during an argument in the mess, to illustrate the adaptability of the sons of Canada, for O'Brien from Ontario, in kilt, made as bonnie a Scotch laddie as any. Medical officers who have been all up and down the lines tell me that they like to treat the Canadians best of all, for they are the cheeriest and most care-free men of the lot.

Germans Well Cared For.

The other day a wounded German was brought in, the first we have seen for some weeks. Quite characteristically Boche he was, six-footer, with thick neck and short, bristly, black hair. And, mark you, he was well nourished, clean skinned and very

NEWCOMBE HIT BY A GRENADE

Have Had Only One Casualty During Term in Trenches.

SHELLS BURST CLOSE

Speaks Lovingly of the Life in Tents Close to the Firing Line.

Lance-Corp. C. J. Lightbody, Med. 17, with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry in France, sends interesting news in a letter dated January 17. He speaks of the wounding by a rifle grenade of Lt. Newcombe.

Lance-Corp. Lightbody writes: "A week ago yesterday (Sunday), we marched about twelve miles, when a part of the regiment went into the trenches. For several days the rest of us formed working parties, and for several days we filled sandbags in the first line trenches and repaired the parapet. There is lots doing in the trenches here, but very fortunately we have only one casualty so far, that of Lieut. Newcombe, who was hit in the neck by a part of a rifle grenade.

"Last night we came down the road about four miles, and are in tents again until Thursday, when we relieve the — in the trenches. We shall go in for four days.

"Have not received any Daily for a long time, and guess a lot of them go astray.

"Life in tents these days is tolerable; in fact, life any old place is such nowadays. When I return to Montreal I won't want to sit on chairs, but on the floor.

"Shells burst pretty close to us for a few days, but nothing got us."

THE MYSTERY OF THE FIFTH BULLET.

(Continued on Page 2.)

the fellow's obtuseness.

"Whose murderer?" queried the corpse.

"Why, yours," said the detective. "No murder has taken place here," said the other. "Wait, I am moved to tell you my story."

"Proceed," said Sprague, without traces of interest.

"Well," began the man, "this morning I became weary of life. I had suffered for two days from neuralgia, lockjaw and St. Vitus' dance, and felt that I could support my existence no longer. I determined to shoot myself. I took from a drawer my revolver, my poor little revolver. Where is it, by the way?"

"Here," said Sprague, pointing to his vest-pocket.

"Indeed!" said the man. "Well, to continue. As I was about to begin, I suddenly remembered that I had only four cartridges while the revolver held five. I searched for a long time, and at last discovered another which did not seem to fit the revolver exactly. I strove in vain to make it fit. Then I held the revolver in both hands, with the barrel slanting upwards, taking the precaution of keeping it at half-cock to avoid accidents.

"Good, good," said the reporter at this juncture, looking in through the skylight. "To avoid accidents. Go on."

"Go away!" said Sprague, coldly, reaching for his vest-pocket. The reporter's head vanished.

"Proceed," said Kennedy to the would-be suicide, as he produced and swallowed a mint julebe.

"Well," said the latter (not the julebe), "as I was attempting to force the extra cartridge into the barrel, there was a sudden explosion. I reeled back, planting my right foot upon one of the coins on my left with such violence that I lost consciousness, and only recovered just now, when I saw the gentleman here putting my revolver—my poor little—"

"Hush! Not a word of thanks," said Sprague, placing the revolver on a table nearby. "I assure you the successful result of my investigations gives me as much pleasure as it does you."

"Don't mention it," cried the other, cordially. "Be careful in closing the door; the draught is rather strong."

"As we descended the stairs a bell clanged loudly and an ambulance drew up before the door.

"Anybody hurt here?" cried an attendant, as he rushed up the steps.

"Oh, it's all right," said Sprague. "I fixed him up all right."

"Bless you, sir," cried the attendant. "You're wonderful, sir."

"Yes, Sprague," cried I; "you are wonderful."

"Have a julebe," said the great detective, amiably.

well clothed. So, use a pinch of salt when you read articles in the press, most of them inspired by German agents, about the starvation and blue ruin that overshadows the Vaterland. The truth of the matter is that the armies and resources of the central powers were never more efficiently organized than now. Their lines of supply and transport perfected, their troops seasoned, the incompetent commanders weeded out, and tried, successful generals in command of all important movements. We cannot be beaten because of our fleet, which is matchless and beyond all praise; but neither can we win through the present German lines, unless every last ounce of man and money energy is put forward by the Allies during 1916, that is to be the most profound and tragic events in all the history of the ages.

BRILLIANT CAST FOR SENIOR PLAY

C. Russell McKenzie Is the Aspiring Matinee Idol.

After an air of mystery extending over a period of seven weeks, the management of the Senior Play has announced the title of the play. It is Piner's "Trelawney of the Wells."

The cast has been rehearsing for weeks, and it is anticipated that this year's performance will meet with decided success. An innovation has been introduced this year by the class of Arts '16, in that two performances are being staged. The Thursday evening performance is being advertised as students' night, while the second performance is being staged for graduates and their friends. The net proceeds will be given to the Patriotic Fund. This movement will meet with the approval of all.

The play, which is a comedy, depicts the life, aspirations and loves of the theatrical people sixty years ago. The setting of the play is in the old Wells Theatre, London. In the interpretation and presentation of the play, the senior class show considerable artistic skill. Dr. MacMillan has been a capable adviser and coach since the rehearsals have begun. Miss Cameron has also assisted greatly, particularly as a critic. The features of the play will be a well-balanced cast, beautiful costumes and exquisite scenic effects.

Miss Annie C. Younger, R.V.C., is the leading lady, playing the part of Trelawney. Miss Younger is ably assisted by Miss Mary Elizabeth Currie and Miss Ethel Henry, who play very important roles. Other participants are Misses Cameron, Black, Fraser and Melville, besides others.

Among the amateur actors is Mr. C. Russell McKenzie, who feels quite at home in the important character of Arthur Gower, the idle young loafer. Mr. William Hatcher plays the role of a low comedian with considerable effectiveness. Joseph L. Sanders acts the part of Ablett, the butler, with surprising ability. Mr. L. Stuart Planché, as Gadd, is sure to hold at least the attention of the audience in the second act. Other members of the cast are Messrs. Parkins, Jones, Rosevear, Gordon and Scott.

Tickets may be obtained from class representatives, the Arts Building, R.V.C. and McGill Union.

BILLINGTON ON WOUNDED LIST.

(Continued from Page 1.)

and left for England to enter upon his duties. Before he left, Lieut. Billington was married to Miss "Robin" Wilson, a graduate of the Conservatorium of Music. Mrs. Billington is now in England.

Lieut. Gibbins is a Western Canadian, a native of British Columbia. After taking his B.Sc. degree, he proceeded to the degree of M.Sc., and was a Fellow in Mining under Prof. Porter. When he left Canada to enter the Royal Engineers, Lieut. Gibbins was Canadian representative of a large British mining concern, with headquarters in Montreal. The nature of his duties made him a well-known figure in every Canadian mining camp.

Major A. B. McEwen, Sci. '12, recently wounded, is now discharged from hospital, and has rejoined his unit, the 3rd Field Artillery, C.E.F.

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CANADIANS ARE FINE FIGHTERS

(Continued From Page 1.)

It, but I decided to remain with the cause of Belgium, and take my chances with her brave but unprepared army, and I want to say to you to-night, I am proud to think that I went out of Brussels before the Germans entered, for I feel sure that my sympathies would get me into trouble before long, and I am prouder of being with the Belgians and later with the Allies in their defeats, than I would be if I had remained with the German army and been a participant in their victories.

"After a great deal of trouble, a great many visits over the beaten path to the War Office in London, I was given permission to go to the front with the British army, and there to see everything from the base to the first line of trenches, and it is the story of these experiences that I bring to you to-night. I have lived the life of the trenches among the men, and I have been forced to admire that patience and pluck which make men cheerful in such a situation.

British Intelligence Work.

"There are many things connected with the intelligence work of the Allies that I cannot tell you about to-night, but I want to assure you that it is one of the finest and most complete in all the world. Britain knows what her enemy is doing, and the enemy, of course, is trying his best to know what Britain and her Allies are doing. Sometimes both parties get so close together in the fight that in the dead of night a German officer will make his way into the lines of the Allies and pass himself off for a Frenchman. Usually the deception does not last long. I remember a case of this kind happening, and soon a telephone message came to our headquarters with the information that the French officer sitting at our table was a spy. Well, it was his last meal at that table. There is no cause to feel blue about conditions. In fact, the only place where people get blue is in England. At the front they are optimistic. They know the situation. And they know that they have the enemy in a position where one day they will drive them from the positions they now hold, and which some people think they are going to hold.

The Aviation Corps.

"Britain has at the front to-day the best and the most daring aviators in the world. The spirit of sport is not dead yet in the Englishman, and he shows it in his air work. I have lived in close touch with aviators, and their work is really marvelous. It is in aviation that the British excel. Their cool heads and great nerve serve them well in such work. Their eyes are keen, and when 10,000 feet in the air with German shots and shells flying around them, they never lose their heads. I saw an aviator descend after his leg had been shattered with shrapnel in the air, and as his machine came to a standstill on the ground, he coolly lit a cigarette, and waited for them to lift him from his seat, remarking, 'I would get out myself, only I am afraid this bally leg of mine will drop off.' British airmen will fly lower than the Germans, and take all kinds of chances to get information and to photograph German trenches.

National Characteristics.

"The attitude of the Englishman in the present war is quite characteristic. He must have his jam and marmalade. He must shave in the trench, for he thinks if he is going to be shot he must at least look respectable. Of course, the Englishman will wear his eye-glass. At first I could not understand it, but now I do not care where he wears it. He has a perfect right to wear it in his ear if he wants to.

Without chain or ribbon, these men can keep the monocle in the eye even when shells burst at their very feet, and the event does not compel them to relax a muscle or drop the glass. The Frenchman, of course, feels he cannot fight without soup. He must have soup. He rolls up his sleeves when he goes into action, and he wears his beard cut and trimmed in all fashions, but who cares how a man turns up his sleeves or trims his beard, as long as he fights well, and these men do fight well.

Munitions and Machinery Now.

"I am not going to prophesy to-night, but I just want to recall what the British army did in its retreat from Mons, and again at the first battle of Ypres, when they had no shells, and when the British saved the day with their flesh and blood, fighting against the machinery and engineering of the Germans. But let me tell those who are enlisting to-day and to-morrow, and every other day until this war is over, the day of needless sacrifice is over. No longer will they have to fight German machinery with British flesh and blood. From now on the British will fight the foe on equal footing, with shell for shell, machine gun for machine gun, and bullet for bullet.

The British Navy.

"I always leave the British navy until the last of my lecture. It has been my privilege to sail around that fleet in the waters of the North Sea, and I think it is the most wonderful fighting machine in the world, perfect in all its parts, and directed by the master mind of Sir John Jellicoe. In the wireless operator's little room on the flagship I have seen Jellicoe send out his message to the fleet, and then that fleet in response to his command sail from the shores of Britain to the fringes of Heligoland. Britain still controls the seas of the world. This is no piece of sentiment; it is a fact. All the work the Germans are doing they are doing under the seas. British submarines are not destroying German ships, because there are none on the high seas to destroy. I say to you as a neutral and as an American that fleet not only protects Britain, it is the only thing that stands between us and Germany to-day."

What's On

To-day.

- 3.00—Delta Sigma Reading Competition.
- 4.45—Science '16 meeting.
- 5.00—Chemical Colloquium.
- 5.15—Meeting of Wrestling Club.
- 5.15—Union House Committee.
- 6.45—Cercle Francais Dinner, McGill Union.
- 7.00—Junior hockey practice.
- 8.00—Science Smoker, McGill Union.

Hockey Hours.

- 12-1—Dentistry.
- 1-2—Medicine '19.
- 2-3—Arts '18.
- 4-7—Skating.

Coming.

- Feb. 4—Skating party, at 8 p.m.
- Feb. 5—Medical dinner.
- Feb. 5—Partial Play.
- Feb. 5—Law dinner.
- Feb. 10—Senior Play.
- Feb. 11—Senior Play.

JUNIOR HOCKEY PRACTICE.

There will be a practice of the junior hockey team to-night on the Campus rink. As this will be the only practice before the game with Loyola on Friday, every one is asked to be on the ice at 7 sharp. The following and any others interested are requested to be on hand:

Stewart, Rochester, Nutter, Traynor, Don Smith, Harris, Davis, Fraser, Lowry, Poe, Dowell, Fowler, Pendrick and Clough.